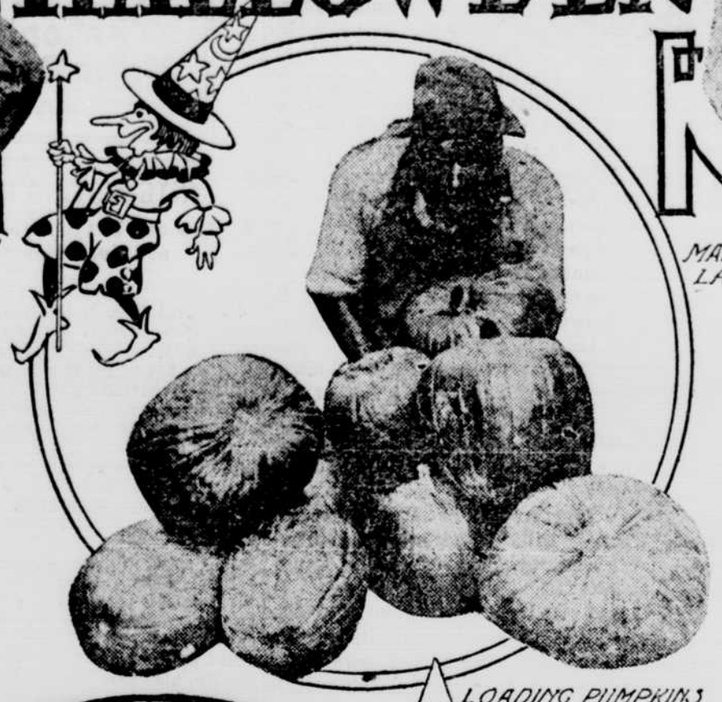
PUMPKINS FOR HALLOWE'EN

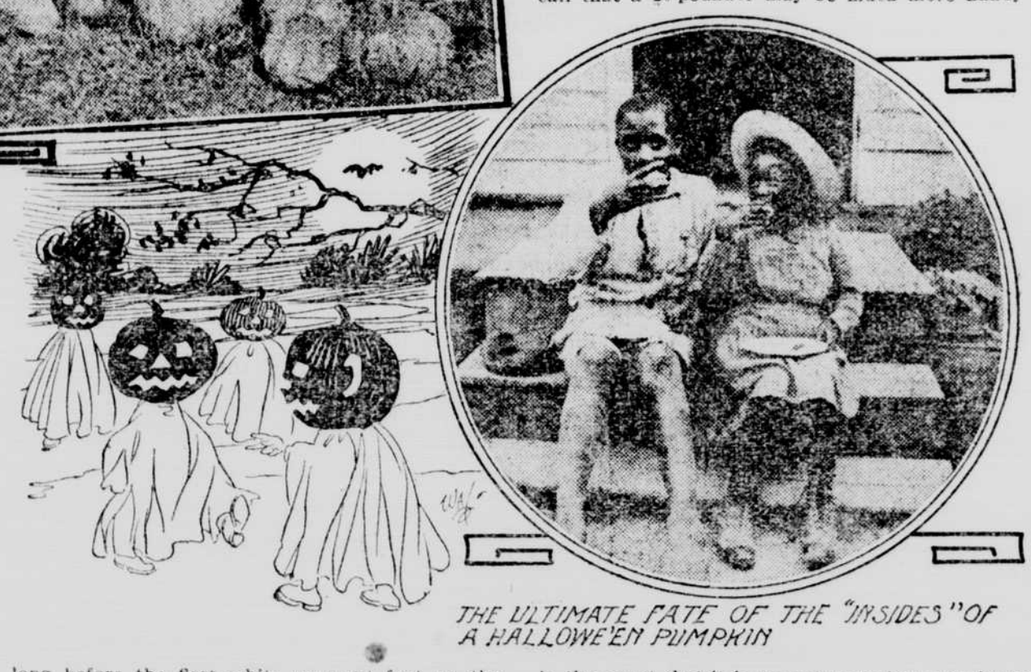
DELIVERING THE HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN

MAKING A JACK-O-LANTERN



LOADING PUMPKINS FOR MARKET

MAKING READY FOR HALLOWE'EN



THE ULTIMATE FATE OF THE "INSIDES" OF A HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN

PROBABLY very few of the younger generation who, as did their fathers and mothers before them, derive so much enjoyment from the mischievious and mirthful Hallowe'en season ever stop to consider in their frolicking how much they are dependent upon the prosaic pumpkin, the principal ammunition for the fun-making. Nature's golden globe, so symbolic of all the glories of autumn, is not only the ammunition, but it is likewise the emblem of the mysterious holiday at the end of October. Furthermore, the pumpkin, as it lies in the field or reposes in the market stalls, is so suggestive of a hundred pranks that it might almost be denominated the inspiration of much of the Hallowe'en revels.

It is all very well to talk about the advantages of the modern quiet and decorous Hallowe'en in contrast to the rather more boisterous ones that were formerly the rule—and are yet in in some localities—but whatever the form of celebration it would assuredly lose all its zest for juvenile America without the grinning jack-o'-lanterns made possible by ye plump pumpkins. Moreover, without the vivid-hued orbs the Hallowe'en hostess would be at a loss for decorative effects at dinner and party. And finally, without the wealth of the pumpkin's mellow interior we should one and all be deprived of that supreme delicacy—the pumpkin pie—which is our bounden right on Hallowe'en even if some crabbed old doctor does deny it to us all the rest of the year.

No one, probably, has the imagination to predict how we could get along without the pumpkin at this prankish time, because not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant have we been without these harbingers of the waning year. We can imagine Christmas without a tree illuminated by the tiny electric lamps or conceive a St. Valentine's day without those convenient and economical post card valentines, because it was not so many years ago that we knew not these holiday adjuncts. But Hallowe'en without pumpkins! Why, it is too preposterous to give credence even for a moment. As well try to imagine a Christmas without mistletoe or mince pie; a Memorial day without flags; or a Fourth of July without fireworks.

Yet for all that it is the pumpkin and its contents that gives "go" to the Hallowe'en celebration; this glory of the autumn corn field has never been accorded much formal notice by an unresponsive world. To be sure, some homely poet putting into verse the look of things in the period known as the afternoon of the year, does make some passing reference to the "frost on the pumpkin," or something of that sort, but what kind of recognition is that for a vegetable the very sight of which is enough to make one's mouth water. It ought to have a monument or be the subject of commendation by congress, says the enthusiast on Hallowe'en. Instead of such commendation (whisper the fact in shame) the United States government, which gets out countless books on all sorts of fruits and flowers and vegetables and bugs, has never devoted so much as a pamphlet to the rotund delicacy—hasn't, indeed, deigned to notice his majesty of Hallowe'en except to give a few hints to housewives who may desire to can pumpkins, as though that were a fit fate for so useful a holiday adjunct.

But for all that there is so little lore relative to the history and antecedants of the pumpkin—and perhaps this is, after all, in keeping with Hallowe'en stealth—it is known that the pumpkin is a distinctively American delicacy. The aborigines of North America planted it among their corn long before the first white man set foot on the continent (if tradition is to be believed), and we have followed much the same custom to this day. Of course, pumpkins are raised in other environment than in corn field, but no other surroundings seem so appropriate for the heralds of the fall festivals.

Every true friend of the pumpkin is forced to admit that the name it bears is a plebian one for so royal a fruit. Its name has not only proven a disadvantage in some respects, but has resulted in the pumpkin being confused with certain other products of the farm. As every person who goes in quest of a pumpkin for Hallowe'en plots can well attest, there is only one form of pumpkin that is worthy the name and occasion—that shapely orb of joy, round as a ball and with its glossy surface tinted a more vivid orange than the orange fruit itself. And yet there are people who confuse the only and original simon-pure pumpkin with its numerous cousins, none of which have its traditions or claims to distinction. Just because the pumpkin belongs to the same family as the summer and crookneck squashes and the common, inedible gourds is no reason why anybody should confuse them as one and the same thing. Why, even the squashes that approach most nearly to the pumpkin in color lack its symmetry of form.

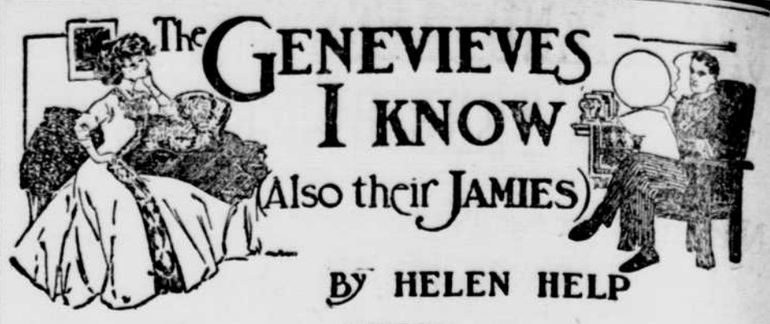
The uses of the pumpkin are certainly as varied as of any fruit or vegetable, but whatever its mission it comes into its own along about Hallowe'en. For one thing, that is the height of the harvest season for the pumpkin, and the people who are canning the delicacy or stocking the cellar are busy now, as are likewise those housewives who are utilizing the fleshy layer, that is found just beneath the rind of the pumpkin, for "stuffing" for the most famous of pies—the kind, you know, that the little boy objected to because they "mussed up his ears." And, finally, there is to be taken into account the demand for pumpkins for Hallowe'en itself, and it is no slight demand, either, for it amounts to a consumption of thousands upon thousands of pumpkins every October, even without counting those which are utilized in making pies for Thanksgiving feasts.

The pre-eminent Hallowe'en use of the pumpkins is, of course, for jack-o'-lanterns. You will agree that it would not be not merely superfluous, but little short of an insult, to insert any description of these nocturnal terrors for the timid. Pity the boy who has not in the halcyon days of his youth openly or surreptiously carved the grinning teeth, staring eyes, strong nose and expansive ears that vested the placid pumpkin with a sudden ferocity worthy of the most desperate cause. Perhaps it were not well in all cases either to inquire too closely as to just how the pumpkin was acquired. But whatever be the means whereby it was apportioned to its present purpose, it is a safe guess that its selection represents much care and thought and time spent in canvassing the possibilities and qualifications of candidates. For be it known the sphere of vegetable gold that is to be toted around with a candle inside to frighten maiden ladies and youngsters in the first or second reader and the hapless passer by, must come close to certain rigid standards of form and outline. And then, too, it is not advisable to have the "pumpkin head" too big, although that is a temptation, but when he is prone to pick a 40-pound pumpkin, the far-sighted sculptor will recall that a 20-pounder may be much more handy in the event that it is necessary to beat any hasty retreats on the eventful night.

The up-to-date Hallowe'en hostess depends more upon the pumpkin than she does upon ice creams, the popcorn, the fudge or any of the other necessities of the frolics at the end of Indian summer. A substitute might be found for any of the eatibles, but there is no substitute for the pumpkin as a Hallowe'en decoration. Most of the pumpkins that thus go to add to the jollity of the occasion are the bona-fide products of the farm, but of late years make-believe pumpkins have made their appearance at many an entertainment. It is that they fill a special niche in the scheme of things rather than that they have been required by any shortage of the real pumpkin crop. The situation may be explained by an example. Your ingenious hostess employes the real pumpkins—halved or with an opening at the top, or slashed with the outlines of a Jack's visage, as shades for the candles that are deemed to give sufficient illumination for such a spooky occasion, but she has miniature pumpkins fashioned from colored cardboard as place cards at the supper table, and the favors for the guests are candy boxes in the form of pumpkins filled with pumpkin-colored candy.

It might be supposed that a jack-o'-lantern is a jack-o'-lantern, and that there is very little difference between the reincarnated pumpkins, but any student of this class of sculpture can assure you that there are wide differences that distinguish the different "schools." The boys whose sole thought is of the impression to be made by the flaming countenance looking out from the pumpkin bestow all their thought upon the facial features that are to be thrown into relief by the candlelight from inside of the pumpkin, whereas the hostess whose pumpkin sentries are posted in well-lighted rooms is wont to embellish a plain countenance with black or white eyebrows and mustaches and other supposedly life-like touches.

The GENEVIEVES I KNOW (Also their JAMES)



BY HELEN HELP

The Genevieve Who Took a Boy to Raise

Genevieve was a charming woman. She was, in fact, a charming widow, and that is very important indeed.

James was as nice a young man as ever executed a clean shave with a safety razor or fretted about the way his trousers were pressed. Though, for the matter of that, James was no ladies' man either, and not more in love with himself than a young man has a right to be.

Genevieve was not only charming; she was also several years old. Not an impolite number of course; but more Junes had slipped by her than had cast their roses upon the head of James. She had just about enough money to take lovely care of herself; but she also had to take lovely care of her daughter, who fulfilled to the letter that old, but true saying used by the wise Latin people about "Mater pulchra, filia pulchrior," which, being translated, means that mamma used to be as good looking as daughter is now.

Daughter was sixteen and in a boarding school.

James met Genevieve at a dinner, where she was looking lovely, and where he was so happy as to take her in. She was lovely. Her hair was very soft and almost a true corn yellow, and that shade of hair is the easiest thing in the world to keep from turning gray. All a wise woman needs is per—well, never mind what. All she needs is to take it in time, and it will never fade at all.

Genevieve's hair was not at all artificial; and her eyes were as blue as could be and had a natural baby-stare that many younger women would have given all their beautiful switches to own. Young Jennie was taller by two inches and her hair was smooth and black and shining. But she was at school.

James fell head over heels in love with Genevieve. He was wonderfully good to look at himself, being an athlete and carrying himself with a swing and a swagger to his shoulders that spoke of pure, physical arrogance.

"She Let Him Gather Her to His Heart".

His disposition was not arrogant, but very kind, and so gentle that a lady might lead him. And she did.

Genevieve looked at James and thought to herself, "He is a most inconvenient age—just too young for me and just too old for Jennie. I suppose I had better not have him about."

But she was not consulted because James came calling the very next afternoon in his touring car. And he entered with diffidence in his manner and worship in his big, black eyes. Genevieve saw the diffidence and resolutely declined to see the worship.

James said, "Do come out for a drive and find out how the spring feels. I am sure you are pale for the need of fresh air." And Genevieve said, "I am always pale, but it is very kind of you, and I shall be charmed."

So she and James motored all that afternoon and James had never had such a good time in all his life. He had little experience with women, this nice James.

James came around the next afternoon, and then the next. The third time Genevieve was not at home. She was, in fact, holding a serious conversation with herself. She was saying that James was much too young for her. Of course, anybody knows what that leads to. She could make him happier than any mere girl—she knew men, and an unhappy marriage would cause her to appreciate a happy marriage.

When she doubted about Young James—as to how this would be after a while for him—"He wants me—just me," she whispered to her doubts and crushed them out of sight. Though she knew perfectly well the look that would come into the faces of her friends when James was kidnaped. But she would not think of that, because Genevieve was doing that thing for which people always laugh so at a woman—she was falling headlong in love with a man her junior—twelve years, to be exact. And when she was fifty—which would not be for a long, long time, she told herself—her husband would be just thirty-eight.

James spoke near the end of a summer of outdoor recreation which had made him neglect his business and reduced her wardrobe to one evening frock and a house dress or two. And when he did speak, she put her two little hands into his and let him gather her right to that throbbing young heart of his.

Genevieve felt guilty about not having Jennie to the wedding, which took place in October. But Jennie had visited friends in the west all vacation, and had lost a week of the opening, so she was working very hard, her teacher said. So Genevieve just wrote and told her; and Jennie was a little hurt and felt that mamma had acted rather rashly without consulting her, and wrote and told her so. Jennie was a capable young woman.

James was very happy at the time. Even when she took her hair down, Genevieve was still charming, and that is a test which no woman past thirty likes to meet, unless her husband is a perfectly well-trained husband, and used to her anyway.

About Christmas Jennie came home for the holidays. Jennie was now seventeen; and when she was introduced to her stepfather, her new stepfather nearly had a fit. She was as tall as he, and looked old enough to be married herself.

When this happens in stories, it is only up to the point of the young man being engaged to the mother of the grownup daughter. Then his father, who has known the mother in his youth, always comes along and rescues his boy at the cost of an illusion or two. But James was not in the rescuable stage. He was married.

That Christmas a college friend of Genevieve came to call on her; and he was stout and bald and had a tall son with him who was in business with his father. Of course, father had married very young.

Then Genevieve had a letter from a girl friend of her youth.

"Dear Genevieve," wrote Kate, "I am to be in your city soon and would so love to see you in your home."

Of course, Kate was invited to see Genevieve in her home. Kate was a bit older than Genevieve, to begin with, and she weighed two hundred. James, in his anguish of soul, groaned that she was a hundred and weighed three. But one must make allowances.

Kate was introduced to James, and she looked down at him—he was so ridiculously young anyway—and then she said, "Why, Genevieve, what a nice boy he is! Just about my Wilyum's age"—though, goodness knows, Wilyum was five years younger. And then she said, "I am just going to give him a kiss for Wilyum's sake." And she did.

But James and Genevieve were married. And after a while Jennie had a dear little sister; and she was very vexed about it.

Now, in this household there are two young people, an old person and a baby. But somehow they are not mated properly. James does not fall in love with Jennie. He is a nice man, and he is sick of falling in love anyway. And Jennie does not become the victim of a secret passion for her step-papa; because Jennie is a nice girl, and, besides, as things stand, falling in love looks a mighty poor business to Jennie. But to say that they do not feel the incongruity of their positions would be a dreadful story.

However, any incongruity that those two young things feel is a joke, the merest piffle and persiflage to what Genevieve feels.

And the other day, when she was out walking with her oldest daughter and her youngest daughter, both of whom are beautiful, they met a gay party of ladies, one of whom exclaimed in an audible voice, "The little girl looks far more like her grandmother than her mother, doesn't she?"

Invited to a Shakedown.

Beddingford is a good man not to invite to take luncheon with you these days. This is the reason as he tells it himself:

"I was just putting on my hat and coat to go out to my midday milk and crackers banquet when Helm came along and said:

"'Come and lunch with me. I know a swell place not far from here.'

"I accepted, wondering at the same time what had come over Helm, for he is known as the office 'tightwad.' It was a swell little place and we did get a good lunch, and when the checks came Helm took them both and then said to the waiter: 'Bring us some dice.'

"I wondered what the dice were for, but when they arrived Helm said:

"'Now, I'll tell what we'll do. We'll shake to see who pays the bill.'"

Surely the Age of Paper

Its Use Becoming Universal—Hard to Set a Limit on the Possibilities.

A report from Lynn, Mass., announces that the police of that city are to be provided with clubs made of paper instead of hickory. The new clubs will be harder, tougher and more durable than the old. In a new direction, then, paper is to take the place of wood.

Some twenty years ago James G. Blaine struck the fancy of the country by saying in an address at a college commencement that the nature of our civilization is fairly illustrated by the fact that the wheels of the car that brought him to Washington and the napkin given him at the commencement luncheon were made of the same material as that upon which he had written his speech. The wheels, the napkin and the stationery were all of paper. But since the time of Blaine the use of paper has been carried far beyond the limits that excited his admiration. Who could then have foreseen that the policeman's club would be made of it?

It is as hard to set the limits to the possibilities of paper as to those of rubber. We have paper wheels and rubber tires. Already there is talk of paving streets with rubber surfaces and perhaps the foundation may be of papier-mache. We are soon to be required to carry paper drinking cups along with handkerchiefs as a part of the necessary equipment of dress. By and by the whole dress may be paper. Fortunately, we can pay for all these things with paper money.

Dangerous.

Mrs. Newbride—Boo, hoo! Henry threw a cake at me. One that I made myself, too!

Mother—The monster! He might have killed you.

A Poor Recommendation.

"Well," her friend said, "he seems to be able to make an honest living."

"Yes," she replied, "but, heavens, who wants to marry a man of that kind nowadays?"